

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, June 18, 1887.

Housewives should not waste their time every morning in washing lamps and chimneys, but should rub the lamps with an old piece of flannel, and hold the chimneys over a kettle of hot water until they are steamed well, then rub quickly with a dry cloth.

The great trouble with American journalism is that the men who know just how a newspaper ought to be run, are unfortunately engaged in some other business—driving stage, digging post-holes, herding sheep, or acting as deputy sheriff.—*Burnet (Tex.) Hero.*

Reuben M. West, a negro barber, who recently died in Richmond, Va., aged eighty-six years, was one of the most prominent men of his race in the State, chiefly owing to the remarkable fact that he had twenty thousand dollars invested in the African slave trade.

The biggest menace to Russia's foes which has been developed in the past few months is the scheme by which the Rothschilds become creditors of the Muscovite. Russia has had poor success as a borrower recently, but with such aid as this billionaire family is reported as about to give, it will soon be fairly well provided with the "sinews of war."

The total number of miles of railroad built in the United States from January 1st, up to the close of May is 2351, which has not been equaled in the corresponding period of any year since railroad construction was begun except in 1882. In that year 11,568 miles of new track were laid. The figures of mileage this year, it is now probable will exceed 9,000.

Buffalo Bill, besides attending to his grotesque outfit, finds time to write for the London Globe a series of Wild West reminiscences. The picturesque scout is rapidly becoming a social favorite in London. By the way, it is said, Bill's blooming cowboys have turned the heads of the modern Babylon's servant girls. Few of them are sufficiently strong willed to resist the picturesque attractions of long locks, spurs and big hats. But then, if the Queen was graciously pleased to be interested why shouldn't a boy be allowed the privilege?

The big building in New York known as Madison Square Garden will not be torn down immediately. Messrs. Hayden, Dickson and Roberts have secured the lease of this place, and will use it for the revival of Pin-a-fair on a scale commensurate with the size of the structure. A veritable man-of-war will be anchored in a harbor of real water. The personages will talk, sing and dance on the deck. The chorus will comprise 120 voices, and there will be two sets of soloists for the afternoon and evening performances.

They tell a story of a Boston gentleman who came to the Pacific Coast with a party of excursionists, and who, when the car-porter had done his best dusting him off, said, with a benevolent smile: "Well, I suppose you want something for your trouble," and drawing out his fat pocketbook, took two bright new pennies and handed them to the porter. A look of puzzled astonishment overspread the features of the African, but as soon as he regained speech he passed them back with the remark: "We have no use for them here, sah!" "Oh," replied the New Englander, "keep them, you may go East some time."

Immigration is expected to reach 800,000 in the calendar year 1887. This would be the biggest influx experienced in the United States, the total of 1882 being the highest in any one year thus far. The following shows the immigration in each of the past eight years, the years in each case being fiscal years, ending on June 30:

1879. - - 177,826 1880. - - 663,322
1880. - - 457,237 1881. - - 518,592
1881. - - 669,431 1882. - - 395,346
1882. - - 788,992 1883. - - 334,203

It will be noticed that there was a steady increase from 1879 to 1882, and a decrease from that year to 1886. The renewed increase began after the middle of the calendar year 1886. The entire immigration in the past thirteen years was 4,934,418.

Henry George is much more settled in his habits than Dr. McClynn, and shares his time pretty evenly between the Standard office and his home in Harlem. The editor's work is done in the morning chiefly; in the afternoon, especially at the end of the week, he is almost certain to find that Mr. George is out. There is a queer lingo down at the Standard office for the initiated—"Is he 'gibber'?"—ask a frequenter who has just opened the door—some later reporter, probably. "No; you won't find him in as late as this. He works on the eight-hour plan, and goes up-town?" "Hasn't he been in to-day? Guess he's over in Brooklyn." "His jags" is the Rev. Dr. McClynn's "gibber" is the editor of the Standard.

Poverty and Heathenism

The condition of the non-Christian world can hardly be realized by us of this country. We can form no adequate idea of the actual condition of the great mass of mankind living in heathen lands.

The conspicuous feature of heathenism is poverty—a poverty so abject that we can not comprehend it. We, in this Christian land, know nothing about poverty. We have never seen it. What we call poverty is wealth—luxury—compared to the poverty of heathen lands. Take the worst case of poverty to be found in the great cities of our country, those places which fill you with horror after you have passed them, all the filth abodes of gaunt squalor, and they will hardly serve to paint a picture of heathenism. Their poverty is not occasional, not in exceptional cases of deep misery, but universal, continent wide. A thousand millions of individuals sit in the reign of darkness and death, passing through life without hope; in hunger, nakedness, beastliness, scarcely subsisting on roots and herbs and the precarious supply nature insubstantial by reason may produce. Those of them living under forms of government and semi-civilization, which in a measure regulates property and enforces industry, after their tyrants have robbed them of their earnings do not average for the subsistence of themselves and children three cents a day, or its equivalent; not enough to sustain an animal. Multitudes not half fed nor half clothed live in pens and stytes not fit for swine, with no provision, whatever, for their human wants. We read of the magnificence of the Midas and the Rajahs, and the pomp of court, of great temples, palatial residences and beautiful landscapes, and say within ourselves that the condition of the heathen is not so bad after all. This is a delusion. The miserable, groping, sinful millions; homeless, imbecile, friendless, doomed to live and die without one ray of light or one beam of hope are there, not in small numbers crouching away in the byways and hiding themselves as unfortunate from fellows, but are there millions upon millions, filling all those fancy-painted lands and cities and appalling us by their numbers.

These are facts, not fancies, and as we consider them the questions naturally arise: Can their condition be improved? And have we not a duty to perform in ameliorating their sad state?

The Life of the Transgressor is Hard.

(See *Our Inter-Republica*.)

The notorious ex-member of the Jesse James gang, of Missouri, Dick Lillard, who flourished around Las Vegas for a long time, is dying of drink and dissipation in a hospital at Kansas City. The fat of the gang points a moral and adorns a tale that youthful dingle naval readers would do well to cut out and paste in their hats. Of the two Fords, who slew Jesse James, one fills a suicide's grave and the other is a waiter in a restaurant at Santa Fe. The other leading spirits were the Hites, one assassinated and the other in prison, and the Younger brothers, both in the Minnesota penitentiary for life. Train robbing as a vocation would thus not appear to be attended with any special profits.

Something Else.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"Five cents apiece for peaches!" she exclaimed, as she retreated a step or two in amazement.

"Yes—5."

"But isn't that awful?"

"Yes, rather steep, ma'am. Therefore, permit me to call your attention to these beautiful Bermuda onions—five times as large as a peach—not in the center to take up room—and selling for 3c each. Might say six for 15c, ma'am."

It is reported that the Southern Pacific railroad people have struck a fine flowing well of artesian water at Indio on the Colorado desert that flows sufficient water to irrigate a large portion of the country round about. For a long time they have been boring a well at that point and had almost dispensed with getting water but the water was found and now the heart of the most miserable desert on the American continent is broken and has lost its terrors. The whole desert will probably be settled ere long.—Phoenix Herald.

A peculiar blunder occurred in the engraving of the plate from which the reverse side of the five-dollar certificates was printed. It will be noticed that on the back of the certificate are the fac-similes of five silver dollars. The third one from the left corner of the certificate has "trust" spelled "trast." Where the word appears in other places on the certificate it is spelled properly.

The counting of the money in the United States treasury was commenced last week before had by a committee appointed for the purpose, with a number of experts. It is said it will take two months to complete the work. Some seventy-five men are engaged in the counting. It is also said there are sixty millions more money in circulation now than there were twelve months ago.



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